



Ysmir, Dragon of the North



adventure

dragonborn

skyrim

105 1 8

Chapter 1 by Gerben Koopman

"For the darkness has passed"

"And the legend yet grows"

"You'll know, you'll know"

"The Dragonborn's come"

I kept humming the tune to myself. I spend the night in the inn of Whiterun and enjoyed the songs, though the bard was horrible. I didn't mind the pretty owner of the inn either. Ysolda was her name. She was talking about Khajiiti caravans and a previous owner who retired recently. I can't exactly remember it anymore though. That's what Honningbrew Mead does with you I guess.

The next morning I packed my stuff and said goodbye to Ysolda.

"I have to go now but maybe I'll see you again, yes?"

"I hope so Ragnar, don't get yourself into any trouble alright?"

"Can't promise anything miss."

And out I went, on to the market breathing in the brisk air. All the vendors getting their stalls

ready for the first customers, an annoying citizen bothering some Bosmer about the cloud district or something and guards. See more of Story Wars

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When I reached the gate of Whiterun, I saw a sign that said "Welcome to Whiterun, traveller." As if dragons really existed.

"Yeah sure, you stay safe yourself."

And of I was on my journey.

Chapter 2 by Fay Sojourner



I wandered through the woods as snow fell. It was a foggy, quiet night. Very quiet, like everything was mundane in the world. Yet it wasn't.

From the corner of my eye, I saw a man untying an Imperial's horse. "Hey!" I called. "What are you doing with that horse?"

He looked up at me. "Excuse me, but this is *my* horse; I'm just taking it out for a ride."

"At this time of night? I have trouble believing that, for no one does horseback riding after sunset unless there's on the run. Also, that's a horse from the Empire and you don't look much like an Imperial, yourself."

"Well, you better start running if you want to get away from one."

Before I could say anything else, I heard, "What are you doing?!"

I whirled around and found myself face to face with an Imperial soldier. "Another Stormcloak, eh?" He assumed. "No," I quickly denied, "just a Nord on a walk!"

"On a walk? Oh, you're not fooling anyone, boy." He grasped my arm. "You're coming with us and you're going to join the rest of your rebel friends at the chopping block."

"The chopping block?! Hold on now—"

"Varian! Pinarus!" He shouted. "I got another— OW!"

I jabbed him in the ribs and he let go of me. I turn around and tried to run away, but the soldier grabbed my hair and yanked me to the ground. "Oh, no you don't!" He dragged me across the freshly powdered snow. "Wait a minute!" I protested, "This is a mistake! I'm not a Stormcloak! Seriously! Would you listen to me?! This is a whole misunderstanding!" The Imperial tossed me into a cart full of Stormcloaks. "There you go!"

I tried to get up and fight, but one of the soldier's comrades hit something hard against my head, making me lose all consciousness.

I woke up in the cart full of Stormcloaks. "Hey, you," one of the Stormcloaks said to me, "You're finally awake. You were trying to cross the border, right? Walked right into that Imperial

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"Quiet back there!" Snapped the Imperial soldier driving the cart. I examined the surroundings and saw an Imperial general approaching us as the cart slowed to a stop. "General Tullius, sir!" The soldier said, "I have come with the prisoners."

"Good," Tullius responded, "The headsman is waiting. Let's get this over with."

The thief's eyes widened. "The headsman...? No, this can't be happening. This isn't happening. Shor, Mara, Dibella, Kynareth, Akatosh. Divines, please help me."

The Stormcloak glared at the general. "Look at him, General Tullius, the Military Governor. And it looks like the Thalmor are with him. Bloody elves. I bet they had something to do with this. This is Helgen. I used to be sweet on a girl from here. Wonder if Vilod is still making that mead with juniper berries mixed in. Funny, when I was a boy, Imperial walls and towers used to make me feel so safe."

"Get these prisoners out of the carts," a female Imperial captain cried. "Move it!"

"No! Wait!" The thief cried as we were all pulled out, "We're not rebels!"

He turned to the Stormcloak. "You've got to tell them! We weren't with you! This is a mistake!"

"Face your death with some courage, thief!" The Stormcloak chided.

"Step towards the block when we call your name," the captain instructed, "One at a time!" The Imperial officer next to her began to read the list of those who were to be decapitated. "Ulfric Stormcloak. Jarl of Windhelm!"

The Stormcloak turned to his fellow rebel. "It has been an honor, Jarl Ulfric!"

"And it had been an honor with you too, Ralof," Ulfric said back. The Jarl stepped forward, showing no fear. The officer continued reading off names, "Ralof of Riverwood," Ralof came forward and stood next to Ulfric, "Lokir of Rorikstead," The thief, Lokir, stumbled back, "No, I'm not a rebel. You can't do this!" He turned and ran. "Halt!" The captain ordered. "You're not going to kill me!" Lokir screamed. "Archers!" Cried the captain and immediately a score of arrows shot Lokir, who collapsed to the ground, dead from impact. The captain scowled at us. "Anyone else feel like running?" We stood there silent. The officer that was reading the names looked at me, confused. "Wait." He pointed at me. "You there. Step forward." I hesitantly did what he commanded. "Who are you?" I stare at the ground. "No one important."

"You sure? My comrades say you're a Nord. Is that true?" I nodded. "You picked a bad time to

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of Arkay were waiting. A crowd was there to watch the execution.

"Ulfric Stormcloak," Tullius said to the jarl. "Some here in Helgen call you a hero. But a hero doesn't use power like The Voice to murder his king and usurp his throne."

I heard Ulfric make muffled grunting through his gag and realized he was trying to talk back. But the general simply ignored him. "You started this war, plugged Skyrim into chaos, and now the Empire is going to put you down, and restore the peace." Suddenly, a thunderous sound came out of no where. We all froze and hastily looked around. "What was that?!" The officer who read the list exclaimed. "It's nothing," Tullius assured him, "Carry on."

"Yes, General Tullius," the captain nodded her head towards the priestess, "Give them their last rites." The priestess began to speak. "As we commend your souls to Aetherius, blessings of the Eight Divines upon you, for you are the salt and earth of Nirn, our beloved..."

"For the love of Talos," someone in the crowd interrupted, "shut up and get on with it!"

The crowd soon was aroused and cheering things like, "Justice!" and "Death to the Stormcloaks!"

Tullius raised his hands, and the crowd settled down. He lowered them down and leaned over to the captain. "Kill the Nord in the rags first," I overheard. My stomach churned as the soldiers hauled me to the chopping block. Again, we hear the noise from earlier. It was closer. "There it is again!" The officer yelled. "Did you hear that?"

"I said, kill the prisoner!" Tullius commanded. The soldiers pushed me down on the chopping block. As the headsman lifted his ax, the craziest thing happened: A black beast flew on top of a tower and roared.

"What in Oblivion is that?!" Tullius exclaimed. The Imperial captain called to the sentries.

"Sentries! What do you see?"

"It's in the clouds!" Someone pointed out. "What in the Eight Divines is that thing?!"

"DRAGON!" Screamed another.

"By the Gods!"

"It's the end times!"

"Don't just stand there!" Tullius shouted. "Kill that thing! Guards, get the townspeople to safety!"

After the words left his mouth, the dragon shouted a cry, and the world blackened around me.

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A few moments later, I felt someone grab my arm. "Headsman!" Said a familiar voice. I looked up and saw Ralof.

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(Most of the dialogue that I borrowed is from these sources)

elderscrolls.wikia.com/wiki/Unbound

https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=-vvJNhhEdBo)

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